

Our Boys and Girls

THE EASTER LILY.

The lily bulb lay on the floor, under the shelf, in the green-house. She was hard and brown and ugly, and as she lay there on the brown floor, with many other brown bulbs, she was very unhappy. "I am brown, the shelf is brown the floor is brown—I am sure the whole world is brown, said the lily bulb to herself.

But one day she found out her mistake, for she was moved up on the shelf and there she lay in the warm sunshine, with bright flowers standing all about her. Her nearest neighbor was a tall rose plant, and as the lily bulb watched the bright red roses unfold she said: "How I wish I could grow to be like that and wear red and make everyone glad with my sweet perfume!"

When the rose plant was sold the florist saw the lily bulb, and he said to his helper: "This lily bulb was hidden by the rose leaves and forgotten. Bring a flowerpot and plant it, so that it may bloom for Easter."

Then the lily bulb felt herself put into the soft ground, and brown earth was placed over her. "All the world is brown again," murmured the lily bulb; "but I am so sleepy I think I shall take a nap."

She slept for a long, long time, and then she began to stir in her brown bed. She sent tiny rootlets down into the ground, and then she began to push her way above the earth and she sent up a tiny green shoot. A new hope stirred in her heart, for she could see the warm sunshine and the flowers once more. The florist came each day and gave her a drink of water, and when her stalk began to grow tall he helped her to grow straight by tying her to a strong stick for a support.

So day by day the lily plant grew taller and taller and she sent out long, narrow leaves. "These do not look like the rose leaves," she said, "but maybe, if I am patient, when my buds and blossoms grow they will be red. I must work hard if I am to be of any service to others, for they all take such good care of me that I want to make them happy."

One day the lily plant found that she had a bud. It was a long, green bud, and at first the lily was disappointed. "This is not like the round, red rosebud at all, and my leaves are not like the rose leaves; perhaps after all I shall not be like the rose but I shall be green, all green, just as I was all brown when they put me into the earth so long ago. Well, whatever I am to be, I hope that I may give some sweet perfume and be of service."

At last the sunbeams seemed to knock at the door of the large green bud, and the lily opened wide her large green petals to let the sunbeams in, when, oh, wonder of wonders! her flower petals opened wide and she held up a white cup-shaped flower like a beautiful bell, and the center was as golden as the sunbeams.

The lily plant opened another and another bud, and one day she felt herself carefully lifted from her brown shelf in the green house, and after a long journey, found herself in a great church. It was dark when she was placed there, almost as dark as it had been underground, but the lily had learned her lesson in patience and now she felt sure that she was at last to be of some use to the world.

When the morning sunlight streamed through the stained-glass windows it rested softly upon all the flowers it had helped. There were the red roses, gold and crimson tulips, daffodils and

daisies, but standing close to the altar was the beautiful lily plant, while about her stood many other easter lilies in their green dresses, holding up their pure white cups and sending forth their sweet fragrance to all in the church. And these flowers in their awakened glory seemed to tell the same story which was sung in the Easter anthem: "Christ is risen! Christ is risen!"

After the service was ended the lily plant was taken to a hospital ward and there it stood looking down upon the little faces of the crippled children. "Oh, see our lovely lily!" shouted a small voice, and the lily heard the clapping of the little hands. "It stands so straight and tall! Maybe we can stand like that some day;" and another child said: "It makes me feel straighter and stronger just to watch it, and just smell how sweet! oh, how sweet!"

The Easter lily looked down at the eager little faces and then it said softly: "I little knew, when I was an ugly brown bulb asleep in the darkness, that one day I was to awaken and become a lily and have the joy of bringing such happiness to others."—Ladies Home Journal.

HOW A DOLL SAVED A WAR.

There was great uneasiness in the fort, and the general was pacing up and down in his room, while he pondered what to do. The Apache Indians had broken from their reserve and were advancing in full war paint to the attack.

It was an easy matter for the little company in the fort to defeat the Indians if there should be a fight, but the general's orders were to avoid war and yet to keep the Indians within their own bounds. As he paced about he thought he heard the crying of a child.

He went out and found a crowd of soldiers gathered about a four-year-old Indian papoose, who had evidently strayed from her tribe.

The general himself picked up the frightened little mite in his arms and took her to his own quarters for a comfortable meal.

Hours passed and the general grew uneasy. He had expected the mother to come and claim the child. As it grew dark the papoose grew restless and lonely, and finally broke into the sobbing cry peculiar to the little Indians.

"She misses her mother as much, I suppose, as though she were a white child," said the general. "I must find some way to comfort her."

One of the officers told him that his little girl in the fort had a doll.

"The very thing," said the general, and forthwith went in person to the officer's little daughter to ask for the loan of the doll for a few hours.

Generous little Mary, owner of the doll, when she heard of the crying little Indian child, insisted upon giving up the doll to the papoose to keep for very own.

Soon the general placed the beautiful doll in the little papoose's arms.

At once she stopped crying, and went quickly to sleep with the precious dolly clasped to her heart.

A week passed, and no mother appeared to claim the little straggler; but the child played happily with her new toy and did not seem to mind.

Finally it was decided to carry the little one

back to the wigwams of her people, since they did not come for her.

Tightly clasping her new treasure, the child was carried to the Indians and left with them. They were greatly excited about the beautiful doll, none of them ever having seen such a thing before.

Next day the Indian mother appeared at the fort with the doll in her arms, not believing it possible that the toy had really been given to her papoose.

The soldiers were careful to treat her well, giving her a plentiful meal and some gifts besides the doll to take back to her people.

This kindness on the soldiers' part so touched the tribe that they gave up preparations for battle, and returned without a struggle to the reserve. The doll had saved a war.—The Olive Leaf.

A RABBIT'S NEW COAT.

By Helen Argyle.

When all the little girls are getting new dresses and mother is making last summer's dresses longer and bigger for the girls who grow so, I wonder if they ever think of the little animals in the woods who are changing their clothes too.

The little snowshoe rabbits, as they are called, are the ones I want to tell you about this week. When we are all wearing dark, heavy woolen dresses in the winter he wears a pure white coat and we could hardly find him in the snow. As the spring comes, and the flowers and trees put on their new dresses of pretty light shades the little bunny does just the opposite. As soon as the snow melts he begins to splotch his beautiful white coat with patches of brown, and again he is hard to find among the grass and leaves.

By the time summer is really here and all the leaves are full grown and we are planning to go on picnics and camps he has changed his coat of mingled brown and white for one of solid brown just the color of the under brush, and you will have a hard time finding him now.

You see this bunny is one person who really changes his coat with the weather, or rather with the changes in the color of the place he lives. For, you see his color must be such that it will always help him to hide from those who would hurt him.

A CHARGE ACCOUNT.

"I can't pay it out of this month's allowance. I know," said a girl lightly.

"But I had it charged, and that means it can wait a few months. I felt quite bad the first time a bill came in, but now I understand things better. Lots of women don't pay for six months, anyway, and they're rich, too!"

In other words, she had become accustomed to debt, and was on the road to dishonesty. As one wise woman says, for a customer to ask the proprietor of a shop to lend her ten dollars without interest for months would be regarded as ridiculous. But to charge a bill of goods amounting to twenty-five dollars, not expecting to pay for an indefinite time, seems perfectly reasonable to many a girl.

Honesty is honesty. A Christian should keep out of debt. There would be less extravagance and happier home life, if everyone should make up his mind, once for all, either to have no charge accounts, or to pay within the month, as strict honesty demands.

God calls us to duty, and the only right answer is obedience. Undertake the duty, and step by step God will provide the disposition.